

Tormenting the Snake

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Tormenting the Snake

by [ALPHAwolf](#)

Summary

Back in the Marauders era, James Potter drives sustenance from harassing the thin Slytherin, Severus Snape. A wayward prank directed at the snake has an unintended outcome, bringing feelings to light James had not considered before.

Notes

Sorry for the sad parts! Enjoy none the less! Usual disclaimers :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Potter grinned, stepping silently as he followed his target from under the safety of his invisibility cloak. Snape was as quiet as him, if not more so, looking back and forth every now and then. He looked almost nervous as he walked through the dungeon's stone halls, on his way to the Slytherin boys' showers.

James stopped and watched from under the camouflaging material as the smaller wizard stopped just outside the showers' door, listening quietly and taking one last look around before he cautiously entered. Potter's eyes twinkled mischievously as he slipped in after him.

The slimy bastard was being awfully cautious. The teacher's pet was even out after hours. It was suspicious to say the least, and he wasn't the only one who thought so.

Earlier in the day, Sirius, his closest friend and partner in crime, had come to him with some interesting information. After six years in Hogwarts, not once had Severus showered with his fellow Slytherins, always instead sneaking out after hours to bathe in privacy. It didn't take an idiot, or in this case two, to piece together that something was up. He and Sirius had already come up with a few ideas. Perhaps he was hiding a horrid deformity, or a scar, maybe even a tattoo, or tits. No matter which, James couldn't wait to find out and torture Snape over it, as well as steal his clothes and wand so he had to run butt naked back to the dorms. Because, you know, why not?

Sirius had wanted to come too, but there just wasn't enough room under the cloak for two adolescent boys, Potter had argued.

Still appearing wary, the black-haired Slytherin stepped into one of the shower stalls, casting a locking spell on the door. James followed into the next stall, stepping up on the bench meant for clothing and looking up over the divider.

Severus was quickly stripping, removing his cloak with haste, followed by his green tie, then his white button up and black pants. He seemed to have already removed his shoes and socks, now left in only his underwear and a grey long-sleeve. The oversized sweatshirt was removed next, James's eyes trailing down the other's almost white skin, such a contrast with his dead straight, obsidian hair. Well, he wasn't a girl obviously, if the lack of breasts was anything to go by. Instead he had an incredibly flat torso, devoid of either fat or muscle. Potter noted he had an inward belly button like himself, and that the boy's pink nipples had gone hard from the dungeons cold.

There were no scars or deformities, not even a tattoo on his lithe form, thin enough the pureblood wizard secretly looking down on him could see his jutting ribs. There was only one mark on his pale body, a small red looking sore from where James had given him a stinging hex the other day. The memory made the spectacle wearing boy grin. Snape had deserved it for looking so long at his girlfriend, Lily, like a lovesick puppy.

Potter frowned as Severus looked down at his underwear, an unsure expression on his face, as though he was battling at whether to remove them or not. It was as he seemed to ponder James noticed the wand sticking out of his black underwear, held on his hip. The chaser frowned. How annoying that the snake-like teen was smart enough to keep it close. He found his mood lift however as the noirette's thin fingers danced along the edge of his briefs, almost teasingly, before he decided he was short on time and left them where they were, turning the water on.

The quidditch champion refused to admit he felt disappointed at this, especially as the other turned his back to him, obstructing his view, and stepped under the warm spray.

The Hallows? Who wore underwear in the shower!? There was only one explanation for the strange behaviour. He must have hidden whatever scathing secret he held beneath his underwear! Probably a teeny weenie. Now he just had to figure out how to get the other to take them off, along with his wand. There would be no point stealing his clothes if he couldn't, Snape would simply summon new ones.

A blissed sigh distracted James from his puzzling, looking back at the other's face from his hip. Severus's head was thrown back, his body completely relaxed as he enjoyed the steaming heat, possibly too hot by the pink beginning to spread like a rash across his skin.

Snape ran his petite hands, which he was so often teased over, through his black unclean locks. He always seemed to have a greasy look about his hair, and never smelled completely clean. In fact he reeked of potions, which were putrid in scent more often than not.

Much to the Gryffindor's surprise, he noted that Severus didn't appear to have any body hair. His legs and the beneath of his bellybutton were completely clear, in fact even his underarms appeared totally smooth as he unconsciously displayed the area whilst sliding his fingers through his hair.

It had always been assumed the other was like a werewolf under his clothes (an insult never shared with Remus in case he took offence), as he always wore such modest clothing. He must have used some sort of potion or spell too remove it all. Why James couldn't fathom. As far as he was concerned body hair was the mark of a man, only women kept themselves hairless. Well, women and Sirius, but he was a special case.

The young wizard's limbs were uncommonly thin, though not as lanky as originally assumed due to the overly long sleeves the other always wore. His spine jutted out like the sharp vertebrae of a dragon, disappearing at his waist, which was far slimmer and whiter than even Lily's. His hips were practically non-existent as far as Potter could see, since the other was still wearing those damn briefs. Even with them on though James could still see just how surprisingly round the other's behind was. He was already well aware of this fact though of course, having dicked the other whilst holding him upside down in the air a fair number of times (pantysing, he and Sirius had dubbed it).

The Slytherin's obsidian eyes were shut, long black lashes resting against his cheeks as he appeared completely peaceful for once, face muscles relaxed without a hint of his usual frown.

At the sound of distant laughter Snape suddenly froze, his dark eyes flashing open. He reeled into action a second later, hurriedly switching off the water. James refused to admit he had actually been hypnotised by the other and his rare, relaxed state.

The boy below quickly ripped off his soaking underwear unexpectedly, still not facing him as he cast a drying spell under his breath on the material.

James stared in lax shock. There, on one of Snape's perfect milky thighs under his supple looking ass, was a leather strap, holding his wand fixed to his thigh. Potter barely even notice as the other quickly redressed, charming half of it on with the flick of his wrist, a panicked expression as the voices became louder.

James was still too busy within his own brain to really notice. The image was permanently imprinted in his mind, the sight of the black leather thigh garter contrasted against Snape's white flesh.

Severus disappeared from the shower quickly, practically running out the room and back into the hall, leaving James still in shock as he looked down at himself.

He had a hard on.

His brain almost shut down at the fact.

When the door reopened a moment later Potter's gaze shot over, the sound ripping him from his stupor. Two Slytherin boys from the year above slithered into the room, laughing maliciously to one another like the disgusting cowards they no doubt were.

"Here little rabbit~" The first, a brunette, called, looking through the stalls one by one.

"Come on, we just want to play." The strawberry-blond added, masking a chuckle.

"Promise not to bite, too hard." At that they both guffawed and continued to coo.

James's hand itched for his wand. Severus was no rabbit! He was a cunning snake. Why the other had run from these two pathetic last year students rather than hexing them straight to the hospital, as he knew all too well the other was capable of, was beyond him.

"Come on sweetheart, come out and give us a kiss~" The brunette made a kissy face to his friend, who grinned sickly.

"Maybe tonight you'll finally let us into that sweet ass~" The blond hissed, licking his lips and looking into another stall.

Potter bared his teeth at the two from under his cloak. They deserved a good unforgivable or two, the bastards. He'd most certainly be reporting them to Dumbledore. Only he and his closest friends tortured Severus, and they never did so without him! Snape was his prey, not these slithering nitwits!

James grabbed his wand, hexes flying around his head, but then it hit him. What did he care if they tried to humiliate Snape? Even if he was his to harass. Surely, sticking up for the other, even without him knowing, was... well, wrong, in some way or other.

During his musings the two seventh years had become annoyed, seeing that the shower had recently been run. Deciding the other had already left they departed in a bad mood, hissing over what was never theirs. He sneered after the two, unknown to them, and shoved his wand back away.

Well, he was still going to report them, even if he hadn't hexed their useless reproductive organs off.

Irritated by the whole experience James made his way back out of the dungeons to the tower above. With his cloak he was safe from the caretaker spotting him, or any of the patrolling prefects.

Potter flew up the last lot of steps- before they moved unexpectedly and he had to go the long way- towards the Gryffindor dorms. Sirius was waiting outside the painting of The Fat Lady for him. The tired looking painted woman smiled at him as he removed the invisible cape.

"Well?" Sirius asked, the taller noirette waiting expectantly as James told The Fat Lady the password- 'Quidditch'. The portrait swung open to the red and gold Gryffindor common room, and Sirius followed James in before the portrait shut behind him.

"Well?" He repeated, a little louder.

"No luck, Snivellus wears underwear in the shower."

"Seriously?" Sirius groaned in annoyance as they flopped onto the scarlet couch.

"Yep, he even has his wand strapped to his thigh. He was wearing a women's garter to keep it there!" Sirius appeared shocked before he burst into laughter, muffling the sound with his hand. James snickered too, completely ignoring the fact he had been excited by the leather accessory.

"Did you at least hex his clothes to itch or something?" Sirius asked after he recovered. *Dammit, he hadn't even thought of that.*

"Nah, two seventh year Slytherins came in and he bolted before he'd even washed properly. Kept calling him rabbit, stupid perverts." He practically growled. Sirius rose a brow, looking more than a little disturbed, enough he completely overlooked the possessive behaviour.

"Huh, must be why his hair always looks oily, 'cause he never gets time to wash. Gross." He made another disgusted face. "Hey, maybe we should chuck him in the lake, squid probably won't eat him he's so filthy." Sirius sneered with a dangerous grin. James smiled too at the idea, thinking of the way the other would crawl out the water, eyes fat with tears like every time they teased him as he shivered like a wet cat. It was always funny, but they'd pushed him into the shallows plenty of time.

"No, we need something new, something big to make up for missing out on tonight. He owes us for our wasted time." Sirius nodded in agreement, sitting back as they thought.

The two watched the fire dance as they plotted.

"He's pretty feminine huh? Girl's haircut and a garter." Sirius smiled dangerously like the wolf he was, spiking James's curiosity.

"Yeah?" The black-haired beast leaned closer and whispered his plan. James grinned brilliantly, their eyes shining as they high-fived.

"Brilliant Pads! We'll start researching for a spell tomorrow."

§

A week later the Marauders all sat together at the Gryffindor table in the dining hall, sending each other malevolent grins. James and Sirius had already shared their plans with Peter and Remus. Neither had been overly keen, but they kept their mouths shut none the less, and James knew they'd get a kick out of it like always. Well, Peter would at least.

Severus was already sitting at his table with a few other Slytherins, poking at his breakfast with his head down as usual. No one moved to make contact with the antisocial boy, and nor he them.

"When you gonna do it Prongs?" Peter asked James, failing to hide his excitement.

"I recon I could do it now." He gloated, eyes flickering from his friends to his unsuspecting prey.

"With all these people around!? You might hit the wrong person!" Remus whispered hoarsely.

"Is that a challenge?" James asked grinning, wand already out.

"I dare you to do it now." Sirius jabbed with a sharp grin, while Remus shook his head and rolled

his eyes. James shifted his smile into a deceitfully carefree expression and casually pointed his wand across the room, just above the tabletop so it was hardly noticeable. He then quietly muttered a few aim charms and painless spells over his wand so he wouldn't hurt Snivellus *too* much.

James flashed his accomplices a snobby smile before muttering the spell, quickly hiding his wand as a sudden bright burst of peach light emanated from it, startling all the students around him.

The Marauders ducked as an uproar began, peeking out as Severus let out a shocked yelp, tumbling backwards as he was hit by the bolt of magic. They hadn't expected it to be quite so strong a curse, but hey, who was he to complain if the charm knocked the other on his ass? James snickered as a crowd began to form around the fallen boy.

"Sev!" Lily bolted up from her seat nearby and sprinted across to the far table, pushing through the crowd of Slytherin and teachers. The body of students looked to the fallen in shock, Lily's expression that of horror.

Potter frowned, worried the spell had gone wrong, till he saw Severus begin to stand.

The dark-haired potions enthusiast panted, looking distorted, hair mussed as he tried to understand what had occurred. Then he looked down, and James had to bite his tongue not to guffaw at the way Snape's eyes bulged.

He had the biggest breasts Potter had ever seen, only rivalling the fake ones he'd discovered in pornography.

Severus's look of pure terror was priceless.

His head shot up towards the chaser and their eyes met from across the house tables, Snape's coal irises wet and beginning to redden as he looked at the other with pure hatred. They stayed like that a second before Snivellus sprinted off in the direction of the open doors, holding his chest down.

Lily bolted after him, calling his name as a strange silence seemed to fall upon the hall.

All eyes now seemed to turn on him, including Dumbledore's disapproving gaze. Suddenly it didn't seem so funny.

"Potter." James cringed at the way his headmaster's voice echoed in the quiet crowded space. "See me in my office after breakfast, please." He nodded, and the crowd slowly returned to their meals. A few left the hall early, including a Gryffindor he recognised to be one of Lily's close friends. She didn't even spare him a glance.

Sirius coughed, adding an awkward chuckle as he attempted to lighten the mood.

"At least there will be some good pictures for the yearbook, huh Prongs?" James nodded, trying to hide his dread with a smile. Why he felt so down was beyond him. It wasn't like he'd done anything bad. Well, he'd done something wrong according to school rules he supposed, but those had never really applied to him.

Head down he returned to his meal, poking at it more than actually eating.

Severus sprinted down the hall, only stopping when he found a private corner to hide in. He leaned back against the wall as the humiliated tears began to flow.

It was pathetic. He hated how easy it was to send him to tears. He couldn't control it and that damn Potter drove sustenance from it. Snape slammed his head back into the stone wall, wincing as he most likely bruised the back of his head. To make matters worse the two new organs on his chest ached from the sudden growth, and he felt a disturbing lacking between his legs. He was too terrified of what he might find to look.

"Sev!?" Lily's voice called from down the hall, followed by a choir of her peers.

"Snape!"

"Snaape!?"

He sunk as far back as he could into the stones behind him, sinking to his behind on the cold floor and hiding in his robes. The stupid girl ignores him for two years and now suddenly she gives a damn? Could they not just let him cry in peace?! He was so going to get Potter back for this!

"Sev!" Lily knelt beside his curled-up form as he hid further into his robes.

"Go way." He mumbled, sniffing.

"Oh Sev, are you okay?"

"I have two bloody watermelons on my chest and my privates are gone! What do you think!?"

"Oh honey." Lily wrapped her arms around him as he broke apart. "Come on, we'll take you to our dorm." The redhead said, standing and offering her hand.

"No way, I'm not going near your dorms."

"It will be fine."

"No, it won't."

"It will, I'll get James to reverse the curse right away, don't worry." Snape scoffed.

"What do you care? You haven't spoken to me in forever."

"I have so! It's just difficult to spend time with you openly when you're from a rival house."

"And your boyfriend's favourite victim." Snape hissed, wiping away his tears. Lily cringed, the teen having hit a nerve. She looked down at him guiltily and spoke her next words quietly.

"Please Severus, I want to help."

"And why is that all of a sudden?" He hissed.

"Because I've missed you, and to be honest I never dreamed James would do anything like this." Snape scoffed.

"He's done worse." Lily gave him an apologetic look, and finally after half a minute of silence he took her hand and stood. "Fine." She smiled and gave him a quick hug, leading him towards the staircase as he continued to wipe away tears.

"Penny?" One of the girls, a Hufflepuff whom had been helping her look, responded at Lily's call.

"Yeah?"

"Can you go tell James I would like to speak with him in the common room?"

"Sure." She and her two friends turned back towards the dining hall as Snape and Evans left for the tower.

"Poor guy." The blond Ravenclaw following Penny sighed, watching as the Slytherin's hunched figure walked away.

"Merlin, Potter can be such a jerk!" The brunette Gryffindor agreed.

"Why is he even popular?" The blond asked.

"Cause he's gorgeous." Penny replied indifferently, flipping her black hair away from her eye.

"And Merlin, have you seen him ride a broom?" The blond swooned and her darker haired friend nodded, while Penny smiled at her friend's antics. They entered the dining hall together and her gaze immediately zone in on Potter, stalking towards the sulking boy.

Remus bumped James, grabbing his attention and motioning with a jerk of his head to the door. James's gaze followed to see three of Lily's friends stalking towards him. The leading girl came right up to the table, looking down on him.

"Lily wants to see you. She's in the common room." With that they returned to their seats.

The Marauders shared a look before James sighed and stood, leaving for The Fat Lady's portrait. Lily was probably going to plead him to leave Snape alone, yet again. He didn't see why she cared. They hadn't been friends since coming to Hogwarts. A Slytherin and Gryffindor couldn't be friends in his opinion. They were natural enemies, the brave and the cowardly. What did he care if other's thought that not good enough a reason to torment the other? Even the obese woman looked down on him with disappointment as he approached her portrait, tutting as he stood before her.

"I hope you know how to fix this young man, for your sake. The poor Slytherin dear's crying her eyes out." The woman appeared sympathetic, looking behind her as if she could see into the other rooms. Maybe she could.

"*Quidditch*." Was the jet-black-haired wizards only reply, walking in with heavy steps as the portrait swung open, almost hitting him in the face. He immediately spotted Lily, her arms crossed and eyes thin. For the first time she actually looked positively livid with him.

"Lil's-" She glared dangerously as he began, her green eyes like a borax fire.

"Save it, Toerag!" He flinched at her harsh tone and the slamming portrait behind him. "Reverse the spell. Now." James attempted to smile in a carefree manner.

"I don't know what-"

"I saw you cast it!" He gulped, hands up in surrender as if the other would attack him at any given moment. "Reverse it or I'll let Sev turn you into a toad!" It was as if her beautiful pale cherry red hair would be set alight at any moment.

"I can't!" He fired back, becoming irritated.

"What do you mean you can't?!" James went quiet, looking at the ground and saying something inaudible. "What?"

"I don't know the counter spell." Potter bit out, still not meeting Evan's look of pure disbelief.

"You cast a spell you don't even know how to reverse!?" Her voice went up at least three octaves. "You better find that counter spell James. Until you fix this, we. Are. Over." She seethed, turning away from him.

"But Lil's!"

"I don't want to hear it James! Sev is staying with me in the Gryffindor girls' dorm till this whole ordeal is over. You can convince the headmaster when you go to see him, it's the least you can do." With that she stormed off towards the girls' dorm. James could hear the sound of Snivellus's distant sobbing as she opened the room's door, a far more shrill sound than ever before. He found he didn't enjoy the other's sobbing half as much now.

Well, he'd had his doubts before but Lily Evans was certainly a Gryffindor, sticking up for the other like that. He'd had no idea she had such a temper. Perhaps the theory about redheads having anger issues was right? Usually she'd just look on him with disappointment and that would be the end of it. Her Patronus was supposed to be a doe after all, quiet, sweet, and skittish. She had the same Patronus as Snape, something they had teased him endlessly over after a DADA class. James had expected a snake or some equally slimy and cold-blooded animal like a worm, but certainly not a female deer. Still, it only further proved that Potter was obviously the superior, being a stag. It made him perfect for Lily.

He scoffed to himself, turning away to leave the common room for the Headmaster's office before classes began. And here he'd been thinking of letting Lily have his children. Fat chance after that show of pique!

The door opened and Potter sighed. Well, no point in crying over spilled pumpkin juice. He needed to go see Dumbledore and make the old bat see his way. He was one of the bearded muggle lover's favourites after all, it wouldn't be too hard.

Chapter 2

"Seeevv~"

"Nnnnggg..." Severus groaned and rolled over, ignoring Lily's insistent attempts to wake him up. She chuckled and shook his shoulder again.

"Come on sleepy head, McGonagall still wants you to attend classes. Just 'cause you have a vagina doesn't mean you're ill." Snape mumbled an 'eww' at the unfamiliar and uncomfortable word, snuggling further into the cocoon of blankets he'd made for himself in the bed, which he and Lily currently shared. He'd slept surprisingly well, reminded of all the times when he was younger that he'd run away from home, down the street to Lily's and snuck in her room. She'd let him in the window and he'd curl up by her side, crying himself to sleep, before waking up the next day beside her and remembering what being safe felt like.

Some of the other girls in the dorm, thankfully unbothered by his Slytherin title and the whole previously biological male thing (or at least unwilling to argue with Lily) had also attempted to wake him. Unfortunately the large breasted 'boy's' eyes drooped back shut not long after every time they managed to make progress with him.

"Get up Severus! Don't make me hex you!" She threatened light-heartedly as he scrunched up into a ball.

"Stomach aaache..." The black-haired teen complained in a barely audible mumble, followed by a yawn.

"Then I'll take you down to the hospital ward and you can get clearance for a day off, but you have to get up and get dressed." Severus grumbled but nodded slowly, opening his raven lashed eyes with in-existent vigour. Lily giggled and messed his sleep tossed hair even further. For once it was actually clean and silky, as the other had been able to shower without interruption the night before. Lilly had taken him to the Gryffindor girls showers and even guarded the entrance as he bathed to help him feel safer.

Severus gave her a lazy smile and slowly sat up as the Gryffindor girl went to get his Slytherin robes from the dresser for him. All the other girls were either struggling to wake up like him, showering, or busy doing their hair and makeup.

Snape grimaced as pain hit his lower stomach again, causing him to keel over. There was an uncomfortable sensation in his newly acquired feminine parts too. He sighed as the pain finally subsided, a hand coming up from between his legs where it had been pressed to try relieving the sting.

Snape looked at the reddened flesh and stained sheets in shock, before letting out a blood curdling scream.

James shot up in bed, grabbing at his round wire-rim glasses as the scream sounded. Half the boys in the dorm grumbled and rolled back over, and he would have too, if not for the nagging familiarity of it.

"Go back to sleep man." Sirius grumbled into his pillow in the bed beside him. "Probably just one of the ghosts."

James didn't bother replying as he threw on a robe and practically flew down the steps to the common room. A few shocked students gave him questioning looks as he rushed towards the girls' dorm. The screaming even seemed to have woken the door guardian, the oak carving lioness yawning before putting a paw over its eyes and laying back down.

The screaming had finally stopped, but there still seemed to be a commotion inside. He slammed on the door, ignoring the threatening growl from the sleepy female lion. He didn't even see why they had the guardians, it wasn't like anyone of the opposite biological gender could enter the room without one of the professors altering the charms for them.

The door was jerked open by one of the girls in his year he didn't care to recall the name of, who gave him a glare.

"Bugger off Potter, you're not needed." Another chorused in agreement as he spotted Lily. She was standing beside Snape, trying to comfort him as she helped clean blood off him with the wave of her wand. She saw James before Snape did and bit her lip as the thin ex-boy suddenly stood, shooting him a cold glare.

"You." He hissed out, stalking towards the door fluidly, irises like solid marbles of obsidian. "This is all your fault." He wore Lily's sleeping robes, which fit his form correctly for once, unlike the usual overlarge hand-me-downs. His huge breasts were pressed together, almost bursting from the robes, cleavage painfully obvious and pale as paper. James couldn't help but stare fixedly at them as he took a step back from Snape's frigid anger. If Lily was fire, Severus was ice.

"Because of you, you impertinent swine, I have blood leaking out from between my legs!" Snape hissed, looking murderous. James gave an unsure smile, tearing his eyes from the other's bosom.

"At least you know your uterus works?"

"I SHOULDN'T HAVE A BLOODY UTERUS!" Potter skipped backwards, tripping on a lump in the carpet and landing on his ass with a groan. "You upstart pedigree pig, you're lucky I don't curse you, *and what the Merlin are you starring at!?*" James's eyes tore from the Slytherin's chest just as the boy seemed to recall his oversized bust and blushed profusely. Unfortunately, due to his position on the ground, legs open as he leaned back from his fall, Snape could easily see his morning-wood.

"P-pervverted swine!" James covered his face as a book, which had been conveniently left by the door, was hurled at him. Snape quickly retreated back into the room and hid under the covers of Lily's bed as the book then began to attack Potter, attempting to eat his arm off as he struggled to try and hex it closed.

The door to the girls' dorm slammed shut as he continued to battle with the parchment and leather monster.

The book suddenly went placid, courtesy of Lily who now stood by the door, shutting it quietly behind her as she tucked her wand away.

"You should go get ready for class. I'll teach Sev a spell to stop the bleeding, but he'll still be in a foul mood, so try not to bait him, all right?" She sent him a sympathetic expression as she picked up the book and returned to the dorm.

James sat a second, slightly out of breath as he stared at the oak door and the sleeping lioness.

Well, at least his hard-on had dissipated.

James pushed himself up off the floor, rubbing his arm as he stood. That book had hurt. Pushing it aside he made his way back to the boys' dorm, ignoring the stares of those in the common room whom had no doubt heard the whole ordeal. The whole school would probably know everything by first class. Pathetic, he thought, as lust for gossip was the trait of a Slytherin in his opinion.

Sirius gave him a questioning look as he entered, the Black now awake, as were at least half the dorm. He ignored his friend's gaze and ripped his day clothing out of his drawers, dressing without a word. Luckily no one pressed as the morning began. The day had already begun hectic enough without another argument.

"Hey Prongs, No one told me what happened in the headmaster's office yesterday." Remus asked nicely, fully dressed and happy to divert the tense mood.

"He just said I need to find the reverse spell quickly or it's detention for the rest of the year." James shrugged, knowing he'd probably got off easy. Despite that the white-haired bastard had put him in a terrible mood the day before, towering over him from behind his desk with a disappointed look as if he was above him or something. He'd even threatened to suspend him from Quidditch if he didn't explain himself! As if he'd dare, Gryffindor would be useless without him as their chaser. And when he'd brought up the two perverted last year's sexually harassing Severus, the old git even had the nerve to insinuate that he was no better! Still, at least those slimy lowlives would get their due. The Headmaster may have let James off easy, but it was no secret he favoured Gryffindors. Those assholes were toast.

"We'll help you find the counter spell." Remus comforted, the werewolf seeming to sense the other's unease. Sirius groaned at the thought of more research, but with a pointed look from Remus mumbled his agreement, while Peter's head nodded so fiercely Potter feared it would roll right off. He smiled in thanks to his three friends and slipped on his shoes.

"Well then, off to breakfast?"

§

It had been a sore excuse for a morning, but after a glass of pumpkin juice and a few classes everything seemed to have calmed down. He was of course given a few odd looks, probably due to the scene Severus had made earlier, which he still refused to elaborate to his friends. He had a feeling Remus had already found out anyway, with the almost piteous looks the werewolf kept giving him.

Severus and Lily had not gone to lunch, and Snape had not been in Potions earlier on, though the redhead had. She pointedly ignored him throughout class. He assumed the other was still either sulking or too embarrassed to leave the girls' dorm. He didn't like the idea of the other snooping around the Gryffindor rooms alone though. Hopefully he'd gone to the nurse or library instead. After all this was over they'd have to change the password with The Fat Lady.

James and Peter walked together through the crowded halls to their next class, Charms, when he spotted a head of straight, raven hair and white skin pressed into the corner. If he weren't so used to looking out for the elusive Slytherin, especially having had the other on his mind, he wouldn't have noticed at all.

Peter kept walking with the river of students as James stopped, noticing something was off. Snape

wasn't just attempting to be invisible and avoid attention, he was cowering in a corner as two taller, black and yellow draped Hufflepuff's approached. The glasses wearing wizard frowned, looking around in the quickly emptying corridor for Lily. She was in the midst of the crowd, looking side to side as if she had lost someone and attempting, without success, to stop as she was swept away by the movement of students.

Snape yelped, the sound too quiet to be heard over the sound of everyone unless you were attuned to it. James's eyes narrowed, glaring as one of the male Hufflepuff's cornering Severus grabbed his breast. The Slytherin just stood there as if frozen in terror. He was as useless as a deer in headlights as the other boy chuckled and grabbed his other tit, slipping his hand in the small 'girls' oversized green and black robes.

"Hey!" The two boys looked over to James, their hands retreating. They were both taller than him by a few inches, no doubt great fighters being Hufflepuff's, but they were no Gryffindors, and right now James had murder burning in his eyes.

The two fled as Potter approached, sending a few stinging hexes their way as they hurried off. They cried out as the curse met their mark and bolted for their class through the now abandoned hall.

Snape shook quietly, still standing pressed against the wall, eyes wide open but not seeing.

"Merlin Snivellus! Why didn't you do anything!" James's voice faltered as tears began to slip out the other's wide eyes, trailing down his even more colour-less than usual cheeks. He sniffed, breathing ragged and uneven as he began to fall apart.

James took a step back, feeling awkward and ill-equipped to deal with the other like this as the Slytherin sobbed, head down and eyes clenched shut. He didn't really understand why the other was so upset. Was he in shock? He had heard once from Moony that past trauma from certain experiences could reoccur in similar events, maybe this kind of thing had happened before? He didn't like the thought of that.

Potter looked around for help in the empty hall as Severus continued to weep in front of him. His eyes widened as he caught sight of Lily at the end of the hall looking right at him, making a hugging motion with her arms. He looked at Snape and back at her before he shook his head fervently and tried to beckon her over. She shook her head in return and repeated the motion rather violently. *Was she out of her damn mind!?*

James looked back at the shaking, pathetic form of Snape again and then to the now glaring Evans. Well she was no help.

With a deep breath Potter swallowed and attempted to... *hug* the other, slowly taking two steps forward and carefully putting his arms lightly on the other's back. Snape froze up before letting out another choked sob and suddenly pressing his face into Potter's robes, weeping a little more openly.

He didn't see how this helped, the other had gotten louder, wasn't that bad? Had he done something wrong? Slightly panicked he went to look to Lily for help, turning back to Severus as the smaller boy clutched the front of his robes and nuzzled into his shoulder. He wouldn't be surprised if it began to feel damp soon from the other's overactive waterworks. Was he supposed to say something? Like, 'there, there' or some shit?

Potter let out a slight breath of laughter to himself at this, expression softening as he looked down on the other and wrapped his arms around his thin waist, holding his quivering body securely

against him. Slowly becoming more comfortable Potter let their bodies meld together, Snape just short enough his slant bony shoulders fit under his, and his chin rested comfortably in the cusp of his neck.

The pureblood took a deep breath by the young wizard's surprisingly clean hair, sighing blissfully as the Slytherin snuggled even closer into him, despite the annoying gap caused by his breasts.

He must have been working with potions earlier that day, as James could swear he smelt exactly like *amortentia*.

§

Recently showered, Potter ran a hand through his wet hair, messing it to give it his trademark wind tossed look before he sat down on his bed.

Half the dorm was still in the showers, and the other's were getting their fill of time away from the dorms before lights out in half an hour. With the rare privacy of no one currently in the room James took the Marauders Map out of the hidden compartment in Remus's drawer, laying down and drawing the curtains shut around his bed with the flick of his wand.

"I solemnly swear I am up to no good." With his oath the map revealed itself on the seemingly blank piece of parchment.

He scanned the top half of the map, seeing the rest of the Marauders in the bathing room rather than the showers. The showers tended to be favoured, as no one wanted Moaning Myrtle peering on them through the pipes. Lily meanwhile was with a few of her friends in the girls' dorm.

Potter frowned. His *darling ex* had ruined his hug with Severus earlier. The witch had come over with her horrid little motherly smile and wrapped her arms around Severus from behind, completely taking over. Then she'd removed the teen from his arms completely, and even had the audacity to thank him in front of the other! She'd probably even seen Snape be assaulted too and done nothing, instead seeing how things played out, the meddling cow.

Noticing Snape wasn't among the names listed with Lily's in the girls' dorm James scanned the castle map. His eyebrows furrowed as he finally found the other's name in one of the dungeon halls, accompanied by one *Lucius Malfoy*.

Grabbing his invisibility cloak James hurried out the room, throwing the cloak over his head the second he was out of the busy common room. Taking another look at the map he continued down the constantly moving stairs of Hogwarts till he reached the ground floor, where he then rushed down a supremacy of stone steps towards the dungeons and the Slytherin dorms. Potter constantly re-checked the map, though neither moved, and when he found them shown to be right around the corner he whispered the closing spell over the map.

"Mischief managed." The map faded and he shoved it away into his robe, rounding the corner and listening quietly to the familiar voices. He heard... laughter? Confused James got closer, seeing the tall blond loom over the younger Slytherin, who was.. smiling up at him. Potter looked on in disbelief.

"My, my, milady. How well-endowed you are." Severus, the snivelling git, actually laughed!

"You sound like the big bad wolf." He commented, hardly impressed.

"Perhaps I'll just have to gobble you up then." Lucius grinned, getting a little closer.

"I'll hex your balls off with your own wand before you can eat me." Snape replied confidently, and James found himself smile proudly.

"Well then why don't you take a hold of my wand and show me." James held back a growl, *take a hold of his wand* indeed. Severus just smiled back.

"Challenge accepted." James went to grab his own wand out and hex the both of them when Severus leaned in closer with suggestive heavy eyelids, hand resting on Malfoy's hip. Suddenly he slipped away from the other, grabbing the blonde's wand from inside his robes fluidly.

"Stupefy!" Malfoy froze and dropped to the floor motionless as Snape uttered the spell. Severus smiled with brimming self-satisfactory as he threw the wand back over his shoulder at its sleeping owner, walking away.

James stood there a moment, watching as the other strolled off. Usually he only had the pleasure of seeing Severus upset and depressed, never so satisfied and openly skilled. In fact he rather liked this side of the other, and finally found it less hard to believe that he was actually the top Charms student in their year. Now only one question remained. Why hadn't he reacted like that with the other guys? He knew he could easily defend himself, so why didn't he? And how come he hadn't panicked just then when Malfoy had approached him?

James pulled his cloak off and shoved it in his robes with the map.

"Why didn't you freak out?!" Snape jumped in shock and spun around, wand out looking petrified. Seeing Potter appear unaggressive he seemed to relax slightly.

"What the hallows Potter!"

"Ow!" James cried out and rubbed his arm as Snape rolled his eyes. The snivelling git had actually hit him! Not hard at all of course. Well, kind of hard, but male Snape would never *hit* him! Damn female hormones giving the git balls. Or maybe it was all the time around Lily? No, she was too much of a pacifist.

Severus's eyes thinned.

"Were you... following me?" He hissed dangerously. Even with his breast's covered James was still having a hard time not staring. They were just so... big.

"No! Maybe? That's not important! Why don't you do that with the other guys!"

"What?" Snape seemed honestly confused.

"He just came on to you and you were fine, but earlier you were a blubbering mess!" James wasn't even bothering to keep quiet now. There was no one around to hear them anyway.

"We were playing around Potter, it was a joke!"

"He seemed pretty serious to me!"

"Oh please, we fool around like that all the time." Snape replied as if it were nothing.

"Are you kidding me?! You let him do that?!"

"I trust him!"

"Trust!?" Was this some kind of joke? Trustworthiness was a trait elusive to all Slytherin as far as he was concerned.

"He'd never touch me. He's in love with his fiancée." Snape said confidently, looking up at the other.

"So?! that doesn't mean he won't try something!"

"He wouldn't!"

"He so would! Or maybe it's 'cause you like it." James growled accusingly.

"What?" Severus hissed back just as dangerously,

"You like it so you let him, but if it's anyone you don't want to touch you, you have a freaking nervous breakdown!"

"I did not have a nervous breakdown!"

"Yes you did!"

"He's straight as his fucking wand Potter!"

"How do you know!?"

"He's my closest friend!" James stopped at that, having had no idea Snape even had any friends, especially not the rich Slytherin in the year above, constantly appraised for his manners and good looks. The guy was a fucking pureblood supremacist, Severus was just a half-blood.

Something burned uncomfortably inside him.

"I still don't trust him, he's a slimy git." James bit.

"No one asked you, Potter!"

"You shouldn't trust him!"

"Why, because he's Slytherin and therefore deceitful and conniving?"

"Yes!" He glared darkly at the other before turning on his heel and storming off, stopping at the stairs that lead up towards the dungeon exit.

"Hurry up and find the reverse curse Potter." With that he quickly continued on his journey back to the Gryffindor dorms and Lily. James rolled his eyes with a sneer. Big deal, so the other had two pumpkins on his chest, it wasn't like he was in danger of dying. Potter grumbled like a spoilt child and followed after the big, busted male to his own dorm for bed, still feeling that unsettling burn since he'd found the other had *friends*. He grumbled quietly to himself, ever the mature role-model.

"Stupid Evans and Malfoy."

Chapter 3

James pulled off his glasses, placing them on the open book's pages before him and rubbing his sore eyes with a sigh. Sirius mirrored the sigh, before slumping back in his chair and groaning.

The library was less busy than usual, most students still eating dinner in the hall. Remus and Peter were close by, looking for more books in the potion and charms section. They'd been researching every spare hour they had out of class that day, helping James look for a cure to Snape's sex switch.

"Maybe we should take a break?" James didn't reply, putting his glasses back on and looking down at the potion's book on the table in front of him. "Prongs, we've been doing this, like, all day." Sirius complained as Potter sighed again and leaned back into his seat.

"Yeah, I guess..." The uncomfortable acid like discomfort in his stomach from the night before hadn't left. He was considering going to the nurse about it.

Sirius rose an eyebrow, confused at his friend's odd manner. Having been subjected to the questioning look all day James supposed he owed the other a vague explanation for his behaviour.

"I just, can't believe that Snivellus has friends." Sirius looked surprised, but not for the reason James had hoped.

"Well yeah," James looked at the other expectantly. "Regulus is friends with him." The young animagus explained.

The burning intensified. Great, first Lily, his own ex, Lucius the slime ball, and now Regulus his own best-friend's younger brother. To make matters worse, Malfoy and Regulus were Slytherins, meaning they were able to spend plenty of time with Snape, and even access his dorm! Even if they were in the years above and below him. The idea was highly unsettling, and suddenly the zeal to find the reverse spell and return the other to his male state had dissipated.

Peter and Remus returned to the table, a large ancient book in Lupin's arms.

"I'm beat." Peter proclaimed quietly, wary of the librarian.

"Same, wanna go see if we can pick up some girls?" Sirius suggested with a grin. Peter shrugged with a smile and Black stood, stretching with a yawn. "You two coming?"

"I need to talk to Prongs about something first, we'll meet you back in the dorm." Remus said, sitting by James. Peter nodded with a smile and the two left them.

"What is it?" James asked, shutting the book he'd been reading. Remus grinned.

"I found the reverse spell." He opened the book he'd been carrying to a specific page and pushed it towards James. "Look." Potter looked at the other in shock a moment before hesitantly turning his eyes down to the book. The page title read 'Reversing Gender Curses'. It was a simple spell, on the same level as the curse it had taken to turn Snape into a girl in the first place.

"I... don't want to." Potter found himself reply. Remus looked at the other with obvious stupor.

"Huh?" Realising what he'd said James quickly shifted the conversation.

"Besides, Dumbledore only threatened me with detention anyway." The blond still looked at him

with disbelief.

"You don't want to change him back?" James fidgeted, leg bouncing.

"Should I?"

"Well he's stolen Lily and sleeping in the Gryffindor girls' dorm. In her bed." Lupin scoffed as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Yeah but, I prefer him as a girl. Makes him even more pathetic." He covered with a fake laugh.

"Are you sure that's a good idea James?" Potter picked at his nails.

"Course, what could go wrong?" Remus sighed.

"Well, memorise it just in case, yeah?" James thought a moment, slouched in his chair. He ran his hand through his tangled hair, made worse by Quidditch practice earlier in the day.

"Okay." He looked from side to side for the librarian, quickly placing a silent charm on the book before promptly ripping the needed parchment out. Remus cringed as he did, but didn't comment.

"Let's go meet the guys and get ready for lights out." The teen said, closing the book and shoving the paper in his robes. Remus stood as he did, spelling the books back to their original places on the shelves as he followed Potter out.

The two walked through the halls towards the stairs, passing a few students on their way. After making a detour around again due to the ever-changing stairways they finally arrived before The Fat Lady. She smiled to Remus, and James ignored her judging look as he muttered the password.

"Sorry hun', what was that?" She asked, turning up her nose.

"Quidditch." Remus said with a smile, putting a hand on James shoulder as his friend went tense. The lady smiled and the door opened for them, James stalking through into the empty common room.

"There's no one here?" Remus observed, sounding surprised.

"Must all still be eating." James replied, on his way towards the boys' dorm. Remus had stopped, listening silently.

"Is that, yelling?" Potter stopped too, listening.

"Sounds like an argument." He said, walking towards the girls' dorm where the cries originated from. The lioness had covered her ears with her large paws. He and Remus looked at each other before putting their ears to the door.

"You have to eat something, Severus!"

"That's Lily." Remus whispered.

"I don't *have* to do anything!"

"And Snape?" James added, listening harder.

"Not eating isn't going to make them smaller! And I've had enough of your underweight crap! Merlin! You can barely hold your own!" Lily yelled.

"Mind your own business muggleborn!" Severus hissed loudly.

"You're my best friend you are my business, mudblood princess!" She practically screamed. They went silent a moment and James pressed his ear harder against the wood.

Snape sobbed quietly on the other side and Lily bit her lip. She'd known he was on the verge of tears and she'd still been pushing for the last ten minutes. The redhead wrapped her arms around the other's quietly snivelling form.

"Sorry Sev, I just don't want you dropping dead on me or something. Do you have any idea how guilty I'd feel?"

"What if I'm stuck like this on break?! That man will rape me and kill me." Snape said between choked sobs.

"He wouldn't." Lily said firmly.

"You don't know him like I do. Ever since she died... he's gotten worse." Severus's tone was deathly serious.

James and Remus looked at each other in shock.

"Who the Merlin is this guy?!" James practically hissed, and Lupin answered with a shrug. James was about to put his ear back on the door when the blond grabbed his shoulder.

"We should go, James. The other's will be waiting." Remus left without waiting for him and James followed with one last look at the lioness decorated oak door. She growled at him, seeming to not appreciate his presence. Meanwhile the lion on the boys' dorm oak door was still sleeping steadily as Remus pulled the door open.

Sirius lay on his bed, located next to James's, and Peter sat near his feet.

"Flirting didn't work out?" Remus asked with an almost mocking grin toward Sirius as Peter shrugged with his own sheepish smile. Sirius glared back at him, James noting the tension between them before pushing it aside and sitting on his own bed across from the two.

"I'm bored. Let's do something fun." Sirius grinned wolfishly.

"You have been getting rather restless since we haven't been torturing Snively." Remus agreed.

"How come we bother him the most?" Peter wondered aloud.

"Because Prongs tends to be the one to come up with the plans." Remus replied.

"You know you're kind of being obsessive, only pranking him." Sirius pointed out as James glared.

"Why don't we prank someone else?" Peter suggested.

"Why?" James asked, looking honestly confused, as if the idea had never occurred to him. "It wouldn't be half as funny."

"Well the only thing I'd like to do to Snape is grab his tits." Sirius said looking at James, earning himself a glare from Remus. James almost did too, before an idea struck him. Sirius rose his brow as he caught the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Well I'm going to go shower." Remus decided, turning to leave.

"Me too." Peter agreed, getting up and following after him.

"We'll catch up." Sirius said, waiting for the other two to leave before he sat up, facing James.

"Well?" He asked expectantly.

"Want to retry our original prank and get Snivellus in the showers?" James asked.

"But he wears underwear and has his wand strapped to him?"

"It will still freak him out to lose his clothes, plus it will give us a chance to take a look at his new *developments*." Sirius grinned.

"I better get to go this time."

"We'll both hide under the cloak." James relented. "But let's go shower first."

"I'll keep an eye on Snape with the map, see when he goes to wash." Sirius agreed, also standing. The two left for the boys' showers, James finding himself oddly disappointed when he heard nothing from the girls' room on the way past.

§

"Quit stepping on my feet, Prongs." Sirius growled.

"Quit walking so fast and bumping into me, *Padfoot*." James bit back. It was a tight squeeze for them both under the invisibility cloak, James leading while Sirius directed him towards the girls' bathing room. They had left the showers before Remus and Peter, ignoring their suspicious looks. Snape had left alone to bathe and they had followed, always a few corners away so he wouldn't hear them. It seemed the other had chosen to bath rather than shower, probably having found out the prefect password from Evans.

Rounding the last corner James stopped in front of the door and gently pushed it open. The two slipped in, closing the door just in time as Snape waved his wand, casting a lock spell. The other hadn't noticed their presence, facing the full round tub with his back to them. He had already removed his shoes, socks, and robe, which sat folded nearby. Severus pulled his sweater off and it followed, folding itself and joining the robe. The teen wizard slowly undid his tie and it did the same as they watched, slowly creeping closer, but staying far enough he wouldn't hear them whisper.

His pants were slipped off, pooling around his feet to reveal smooth, milky legs. His thighs were shapelier than before, the gap between them gone. The leather strap holding his wand had been slipped below the end of his boxers to accommodate for the new, wider circumference.

Snape made no move to remove the underwear and fiddled with the buttons of his white shirt, looking unsure about removing it.

"Come on, you serious?! Take the damn shirt off!" Sirius hissed quietly. James elbowed him and returned to watching the other.

Snape was biting his lip and finally unbuttoning his shirt, slipping it off his slant shoulders and letting it fold itself as he stepped out his pants. He was surprised the other wasn't wearing a bra,

considering his breast were so perky. His body had lost it's snake like figure, and instead resembled their charm teacher's magical hourglass.

"Well he definitely won't have problems carrying pups with those hips." Sirius whispered with a deviant smile, eyes glued to the other's female figure.

"Shut up man." James growled, turning to glare at the other quickly. He honestly wasn't as excited seeing the other half naked now then as he had been when he was a boy. The realisation was almost painful, a damaging blow to his heterosexuality. At least as a woman his hair was nice and clean for once though.

Snape waded into the water, letting out a blissful sigh as his body disappeared beneath the warm liquid.

Sirius leaned in closer, looking over James's shoulder eagerly. Potter pushed him back, ignoring the other's growl. Severus jolted, seeming to hear and looking around frantically. His breasts rose out of the water, huge and directed straight towards them, bouncing with every movement as Snape held out his wand. Sirius was close to drooling, staring at the large nubs at their centre, both the soft rose colour of his lips.

Seeing no one after a moment of surveillance Severus sighed again, putting his wand back, and sunk into the water with a relived breath. In Potter's opinion he was too relaxed. Anyone could try sneak in and take advantage of him!

"Man I wanna wank." Sirius whispered.

"Don't you dare!" Perfect, now even Sirius was noticing Snape in a sexual light.

"Well hurry up and grab his robes." The animagus grumbled. Potter took out his wand, the two slowly creeping forward to the still figure. The Slytherin moved suddenly and they both retreated back to their hiding place again.

Severus lifted a smooth leg up out the water, slipping the wand back out from his leather garter. Eyes half shut and a small smile he began casting bubble spells, whispering the magical words quietly as the bubbles evolved. He even started making a little seeing pool in the water near his lap, the bubbles like crystal balls as he peeked around the school.

"Wow." Sirius whispered.

Snape smiled sweetly, bouncing the bubbles on his wand and smiling as his body sunk back under the water till only what was above his collar bone, his knees, and hands were visible. It was beautiful.

"Did he just use a seer spell?" Sirius asked in disbelief. "That's like, Dumbledore level of difficulty."

"Do you think he knows we're here?"

"Doubt it or we'd be fried. Still want to steal his clothes?" The wolf asked.

"Nah man. I like my genitals attached to my body."

"Let's just get out of here before we're caught."

"We can't, the doors locked."

"Tch, dammit..." His eyes turned back to the Slytherin, who was looking into one of the bubbles that floated just above his palm.

"Well, if were stuck here might as well." Sirius said, slipping a hand into his pants.

"Oh no, not behind me you don't." He took out his wand and cast a quick spell, successfully stopping the other from touching himself. Sirius bared his teeth at him, finding a force stopping his hand from reaching his member. James grinned, turning his attention back to the bathing ex-male. He sighed, ignoring Sirius and watching the boy enjoy himself, blowing a bubble out of his hands and high into the air with a grin.

they'd just have to wait him out.

§

James let out an exasperated breath, crunching up the old parchment in his hand again. Having come to a decision he stuffed it back in his robes as he stood from his bed.

"Where you off to?" Remus asked, still dressing.

"Bathroom." He replied quickly, leaving the room. Lupin looked at Black inquisitively, knowing the other had lied, as Peter struggled with his tie in the background. Sirius only huffed and grumbled, still pissed off at the other for cursing him the other night.

James walked towards the girls' dorm, steps heavy as he made his way to the room. The common room was still empty, as most people were dressing or even still asleep. The lioness on the girls' door growled at him, bearing her teeth. He knocked quickly, avoiding the beast's wooden claws as they swiped at him. He glared back at it. Damn guardian.

The room hushed slightly for a minute and he heard the handle twist before it peaked open. A girl he didn't recognise looked back at him.

"Can I talk to Snape?" She looked at him a second and opened the door slightly more, looking over her shoulder. As Lily's bed was right near the door he could see her and Severus behind the unfamiliar brunette student.

Severus lay stomach down on the bed fully dressed in his Slytherin robes, legs swinging in the air as his head rested up on one hand, a book in the other as he read. Lily sat on the other's back, also dressed, looking focused with his raven hair in her hands as she platted a strand out of the ponytail she'd given him.

The girl by the door called for the Slytherin and both looked towards Potter, surprised. He rubbed his neck, looking away from Snape's piercing black eyes, reflecting back at him like the crystal ball bubbles he'd created the night before.

Lily looked at Severus, and seeing him nod back at her she got off. The noirette slid off the bed and slipped his book into his robe. The girl 'guarding' the door left and Severus thanked her with a smile before stepping out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

"Yes?" The smaller asked cautiously, hair still up in a ponytail, exposing his cheekbones and ears for once. James found he liked it like that.

"I... found the reverse spell." Severus's eyes widened, coal black eyes shimmering like diamonds. Potter's breath caught and he steadied himself as the pale Slytherin suddenly threw himself at him, hugging him tightly.

James let his eyes fall shut, taking a deep breath, and put his arms gently around the other. Snape pulled his head out from his neck suddenly, looking up at him and clutching his collar.

"You can fix it?"

"Umm yeah..." Snape grinned, smile meeting his eyes. Their faces were really close. In fact, he slowly moved a little closer he doubted the other would notice till it was too late. Unfortunately, Snape seemed to realise this and his smile fell slightly. Before he could pull away or say anything James tightened his hold and got a little closer. "I can, umm, do it now if you want?"

"Are you kidding? Yes!" Snape grinned and stepped back away from the other, forcing him to let go. James sighed at the loss of contacts, kicking himself for his failed attempt to keep the other close, and took out his wand. He quickly cast a painless spell again and went over the charm in his head.

The noirette took a deep breath and clutched his wand tightly as the words slipped from his mouth.

"Retrorsum converti puero!" It left a bitter taste in his mouth as a pale aqua light flew from his wand. It was a far gentler occurrence than when he had cursed the other days before. Rather than hitting him so he fell back it soaked into his body. The snakes face contorted in displeasure and Potter watched as the other's legs quivered and then gave out.

James waited till the transformation finished and the other was breathing normally again, looking up at him with a lopsided smile. He found himself return it and held a hand out, heaving the other back up. At least it had worked, a lack of pumpkins on the other's chest area as he stood before him.

"Everything back to normal?" Snape nodded, pulling his hand out of the other's gently, looking back at him with pure relief.

"...Thank you." Snape finally said, fidgeting slightly before he looked at the other and bit his lip. He leaned in and James held his breath, standing in shock as the other's soft lips pressed to his cheek. It only lasted a second, but it felt like he'd had mercury pressed to his skin once the other's lips left. After Severus pulled away his cheeks had gained a pink hue, and he quickly left the chaser standing in the hall.

"Say thanks to Lily for me, I'll see her later. I need to go let Dumbledore know." Snape explained before leaving the hall. James turned and watched him leave, mumbling after him.

"Yeah, sure."

Severus's cheeks burned as he left the common room, trying to remain unnoticed as he passed the group of Gryffindor students in the common room on his way out. He hoped no one had saw that. He didn't even know what had possessed him to do such a ridiculous thing! Potter would never stop teasing him about it. He probably thought he had some sort of sick crush now! Stupid bloody hormone changes.

Snape waved goodbye to The Fat Lady as she smiled at him, looking slightly confused at the sudden lack of breasts. Merlin, he was glad those lumps of fat were gone. He wouldn't have lasted much longer with the attention they got him. Another day of Potter's eyes on his body and he

would have gone mad!

The half-blood Prince bit his lip. For a moment, when the other had held him as he cried, he had actually thought he might like him, that they could have been friends. He'd been a fool to not realise it was all Lily's doing. The pureblood would do anything for her. He was head over heels for the girl.

None of that mattered now. It was over. Everything would go back to normal. Potter would harass him (hopefully less so than before) and Lily would continue to pretend he didn't exist as he dreaded every day that brought him closer to Christmas break.

Severus sighed brokenly, standing outside Dumbledore's office. Such was his life.

Chapter 4

It had been a week without any interaction between them, not including second long hesitant smiles from the Slytherin whenever he caught him staring, which was more often than not as it seemed to be all he did if the other was around. Slughorn had been forced to repeatedly ask for his attention during potions, as it was the only class he shared with Severus. His grades had probably fallen because of it. He'd blown up two caldrons already. It was too difficult to focus, Snape was just so fluid as he worked, hardly, if ever looking at the recipe and yet getting the potions perfect every time. It was, ironically, magical watching him.

They hadn't spoken since James had reversed the curse, and he'd done his best to completely forget the whole ordeal, failing miserably thus far. He was going insane. Teasing other students was boring, and the other Marauders were beginning to poke him for an explanation for his odd behaviour.

James stared up at the wooden top of his four-poster-bed. His scarlet curtains were drawn, giving him privacy from the other's, who sat studying together on Sirius's bed. He should have been studying too, before they had to go down to the dining hall and eat dinner. The jet-black-haired wizard had claimed he wanted to rest till then, his friends nodding and not questioning despite their concern. Laying there with his thoughts doing nothing was beginning to become irritating though. Perhaps he should go for a broom ride? No, there was no urge for the wind or speed. It would be too much effort for too little reward.

He'd had no motivation to do nearly anything lately. Lily had even asked him to Hogsmead that weekend, to start their relationship again as he was being so civil actually leaving Snape alone for once. He had said no. Scratch that, he had been unable to say yes. And why had he been unable to stomach the idea of getting back together with her? Because he couldn't get bloody Snape out of his damn head. His cheek still tingled whenever he thought of the other's kiss.

James groaned and rubbed his face, before straightened his glasses. He had no idea how to fix this, and why should he fix it exactly? The burning in his stomach had left a while ago, but now he felt a hollowness where it had resided. He almost wanted the burn back. It was stupid. Nothing could change the fact that he craved Snape in his arms as he once had Lily. It was a problem... wasn't it? Why was it a problem again? He could have whoever he wanted after all. He was an attractive, well-off pureblood. The most popular boy in the school and the best chaser in existence! Anyone would be lucky to have his affection! If he wanted the other he could just go get him! So why didn't he? Because his friends would judge him for it? Nah, friends or not he was above them. In the end their opinions meant little. Besides, they'd come around, eventually. They always did. Was it because he still cared for Lily then? No, that had just been a phase, an attraction based of her being the best female Gryffindor available. Maybe then he was apprehensive to act because Severus was a boy and a Slytherin? But neither fact made him any less beautiful, and it wasn't like he really cared about breeding like most purebloods, he'd been willing to marry Evan's after all, and she was a muggle born.

Finding no answer his mind could conjure to stop him he suddenly sat up, grabbing the Marauders Map from under his pillow where he had left it from following Snape's movements earlier, just to make sure he wasn't alone with those slime balls, Black and Malfoy.

"I solemnly swear I am up to no good." He whispered, revealing the map. His eyes darted around to find the other's name, quickly pinpointing him walking through the dungeon halls, possibly on his way to the dining hall or library. "Mischievous managed." He shoved the map in his robes and

threw the curtains open, jumping to his feet and hurrying out the door.

If he wanted the Slytherin git, he was going to damn well have him!

The Marauders looked at each other as Potter flashed out of the room, shrugging to one another before returning to their studies.

James thundered down the stairs, hurrying down to the dungeons, hoping to cut the other off. The grey underground walls seemed to change and reshape like a maze. He growled, irked when he passed the place the other had been when he last looked on the map. He was gone. Without wasting another moment the chaser took a gamble, running towards the library.

He was about to check the map again when he heard steps up ahead in the stone halls and slowed his pace.

Potter stopped when he was close and looked around the corner, preferring to not bump into any other Slytherin's than the one he was looking for. He grinned, having caught sight of the bob haired noirette, robe flowing beautifully behind him like a cape. Before the teen could turn another corner James rushed over, grabbing his arm.

Snape let out a surprised yelp and dropped the three books he had held as he was suddenly slammed against the wall. He cringed in a pain as his back hit the cold bricks and opened his eyes, shocked to see the other.

"Potter!?" James sighed, feeling strangely relived as he held the Slytherin's arms hard up against the wall. He shut his eyes and leaned forward, pressing his face into the other's raven hair, frowning as he found it dirty again.

Severus began to struggle as Potter growled. The thought that someone might be still trying to assault Snape in the showers made the burning return from where it had been seemingly empty.

"P-Potter? What are you doing?" Severus asked cautiously, voice shaking slightly. Was he scared? James couldn't have that. He needed to want his presence as much as the Gryffindor wanted his.

He pressed his nose passed the other's hair to his cheekbone, kissing it lightly and trailing to his ear. Snape had frozen, breath held. James smiled into his ear, kissing lightly before experimentally licking the cusp. A shiver passed through Snape's body, and Potter found he quite liked the reaction.

"S-stop that!"

"Why? You don't want me to?" He whispered, holding the other as still as he could, pressing his body hard against him as the slightly smaller boy struggled.

"What makes you think I would!?" Snape yelled, keeping his cheek pressed against the cold wall and trying to avoid the other's warm lips.

"Because you want me." James replied confidently, grinning into the spot just under his ear as Severus writhed.

"Y-you're delusional! Did someone hex you?"

"No, and I'm not delusional." He kissed his jaw gently, moving around to force the other to make eye contact. Snape meanwhile kept his eyes locked shut and kept moving his head to avoid him. "Come on Sev~" Severus bit his lip as James nuzzled his throat.

"N-no! Let me go! You--stuck up, infuriating-!" James silenced him with a kiss, grinning as Snape's insult turned to a soft moan. The Gryffindor gently coaxed him into tilting his head, the half-blood's lips chapped and dry till James ran his tongue over them.

The Slytherin's head turned away suddenly.

"Stop. I-I can't." James pulled back, looking honestly confused as to why the other wouldn't see his way.

"Why not? Running off to find Regulus or Malfoy?!" He growled, Snape staring back at him in shock.

"What? No!"

"Then why not!?"

"I'd never do that to Lily!" Severus hissed defensively.

"Lil's and me broke up and we aren't getting back together. She knows that, we're just friends now." Still Snape continued to pull away. "Are you in love with her or something!?" His grip on the other's wrists tightened till Snape hissed.

"No!"

"Then what!?" Severus avoided his eyes and shook as his voice began to fail.

"Do you want me to die!? Is that it!? H-he will-"

"Who's *he*?" The taller boy thought back to Lily and Severus's argument, wondering if this was the same person Snape seemed to be so afraid of. James stared fixedly at the other as Severus looked away, eyes downcast and almost empty.

"My father..." He mumbled barely audible.

"He hurts you?" Snape stayed quiet, expression blank. Reading the silence Potter let go of the other's wrists and wrapped his arms around his waist. Snape didn't pull away, resting his hands on James's arms and laying his head on his shoulder, looking fixedly at the other's red striped tie. Potter tightened an arm around his tiny waist and used his free hand to push the Slytherin's chin up. Severus didn't fight the gentle kiss or respond, letting Potter's lips massage his till his eyes finally slid shut and he pressed back into James's warm saliva wet lips. As soon as he had he carefully pulled away again.

"I can't-"

"I won't let him hurt you." James whispered, holding him close, so much easier now without those damn breasts in the way. Now their torsos had nothing keeping them apart.

"The only one who hurts me besides him is you and your friends!" Snape hissed, struggling again and pushing his chest to keep him away.

"What about those Slytherin assholes, and the Hufflepuff twats." James bit out, making Severus freeze and look up at him.

"How do you know about them?"

"Are they still bothering you?!" Snape cringed as he yelled and barked right back.

"It's not important!" The burning was too great, it felt like it might eat him from the inside out, so he did the only thing he knew would take it away and grabbed the back of Severus's head, slamming their faces together. Snape hissed as their teeth clashed and his lip split, James violently assaulting his mouth till he gave in and responded, parting his lips slightly as they both tasted Snape's magic heavy Prince blood. Finally Potter let go of the back of his skull and the smaller teen ripped his head away and gasped for air, like the time James had held him under the lake's water so long he thought he'd pass out.

"Let me go or I swear I'll hex your balls off." Snape panted, leaning back against the wall while James held him as close as he could. The other's grin, a streak of Severus's red blood smudged on his bottom lip, was beyond unsettling.

The paler yelped as James's hand invades his robes and slipped into his pants. He thrashed and pushed the other away as he grabbed his wand and stole it, groping his bare ass before he pulled his hand out the other's robes.

"Hey!" Severus looked shocked with a bright crimson blush, confused to how the other had known where he hid his wand as James held it just out of his reach. He grabbed for it, falling forward into the other and giving James the chance to kiss him again. Potter didn't waste the opportunity, and hid the wand in his robes with his own as he pressed Severus gently back against the wall and stole his breath. Snape quickly lost himself, sighing and wrapping his arms around Potter's neck as he kissed him like he'd never been exposed to before. It was... passionate, desperate and surprisingly gentle as he held him tightly and ravaged his lips.

James hand, calloused due to endless splinters from broom riding, gently held the side of his face and threaded into his oily hair. Severus whimpered, face contorting a moment as Potter's slick tongue ran across his bottom lip. His head pressed back into the stone wall and James easily pried his weak mouth open, diving his tongue in to find the other's.

Snape gasped, clutching James back as his mouth was invaded. The Gryffindor tasted vaguely like... ginger kisses and chocolate frogs. James's favourite treats. Meanwhile Potter was eating out the other's tangy mouth, licking his lips a second before returning to Snape's mouth. He'd drunk pumpkin juice recently, and it lingered on his shy tongue as the snitch chaser probed it with his own. Severus pushed him back, a firm hand on his chest and they both panted, James looking at him confused.

"Please tell me that's your wand poking me." Snape whispered, making Potter grin. He pressed his excited member harder into the other's abdomen, making his breath catch, gasping as the taller's leg pressed into his crotch and began to gyrate.

James kissed the other hotly, grabbing his behind in his strong grip and grinding into his hip. Severus suddenly bit his tongue, causing the teen to jolt back in pain.

"We're in the hall! Anyone could walk passed!" He panted, hair messed and cheeks warm as he silently begged the other to both stop and not stop with his eyes. James frowned, letting go of the other's ass, making him sigh in relief before he was suddenly yanked away from the wall.

"Where are we going?!" Potter didn't reply, dragging him forcefully down through the dark hall by his hand as Snape tried to tug away. "Potter! My books!"

James ignored the odd looks as they passed groups of students coming out of the dungeons, headed towards the stairs with a less than cooperative Slytherin in tow. The pale teen finally gave up trying to yank away and followed after him, attempting to keep up with the taller's hurried, long strides. He called constantly for an explanation as to where they were going and what the Hallows

had gotten into him, but none came.

James led him up the stairs and through the halls to areas unfamiliar to Snape, who spent most his time in the dungeons. Suddenly Potter turned, yanking him the other way. It happened again twice more as James made them walk back and forth three times in front of what had to be the ugliest piece of tapestry in the entire castle. After they passed the third time a door materialised on the empty wall opposite the tapestry.

Snape looked at the door that had just appeared surprised, panting slightly, turning to James for some sort of explanation after being dragged all the way from the dungeons.

"The Come and Go Room." James explained. "Or the 'Room of Requirement'. We use it for practice and plotting. It turns into whatever you need." He said grinning, making Snape gulp as he was yet again yanked, this time towards the door which James flung open, pushing him in. He panicked as the entrance was then shut, none too gently, worried he'd been lured into some horrid trap before James's arms wrapped around him from behind and his lips found his neck.

The room was simple, a black carpet, bare cream walls, a black couch, oak table, and large four poster bed.

Severus panicked and tried to pull away. The taller chuckled and suddenly lifted him, making Snape shriek as he was carried like a woman in the other's arms. James carried him towards the bed and he began to thrash around.

"Stop-!" He was dropped on his back onto the soft mattress as James slipped off his shoes and grinned down at him. The bed dipped with Potter's extra weight as he joined him. "Please!" The taller stopped smiling, looking down at him after having crawled on top of the frightened looking teen.

"Why?" Snape's mouth opened and shut but he couldn't seem to decide on a reply. "I won't hurt you." He promised, trailing a hand gently down Severus's cheek.

"Well sorry if I haven't exactly given you my unconditional trust after all you've done to me." Snape hissed.

"Stop stressing on the past and open your legs Sev~" He slipped his hand into the other's robe and attacked his sensitive ears with his mouth.

"No! Stop that! I'm not your woman!" Severus gasped as Potter's tongue raped his ear and he bit his earlobe gently. "Ahh-! Pl-please-" Potter smiled and pulled away from his ear to look at the other and groped his behind.

"Please what?" The Gryffindor purred, rubbing Snape's clothed thigh and cupping his ass. The other bit his lip and looked away sheepishly as he whispered quietly.

"...Be gentle." Having the other's permission to continue he grinned, before fucking the other's mouth aggressively with his tongue. Severus whimpered and carefully rubbed his tongue against his, making James moan happily. The Slytherin slipped his shoes off in defeat and James knocked them to the ground.

His hard-on was becoming a problem, straining against his clothes, and Severus still wasn't hard yet, despite his efforts. Getting impatient he pulled his own robe off and threw them away, not wanting to stop kissing the other in order to find his wand and undress them that way. Instead he did it manually, letting the other sit up so he could rip off his green robe before pushing him up

against the headboard with vigour.

He pulled off the other's sweater quickly before returning to his lips and pulling Snape's bent legs wide open. Potter ground into the other's crotch with his own erect member, forcing Severus onto his lap. The other groaned and rubbed back in an unsure manner. Earning a moan he continued as one of James's hands held him in place.

Potter grinned as the Slytherin's member slowly went hard against his and the boy sighed blissfully, losing himself and grinding into his lap. *Finally!*

James tugged at his tie, groaning when the damn thing wouldn't come lose. Severus kissed him heavily and took over, undoing the knot in no time and throwing the red and gold item aside as the Gryffindor held his ass. He then went to work undoing his own tie, before dropped it carelessly on the ground.

Severus wrapped his arms back around the chaser's neck as he fussed with his buttons, trying to get through to the paler's milky skin. The task was aggravating, even as Severus helped, undoing the bottom ones hurriedly with his own shaky fingers.

The kiss broke and James made a sound of disapproval as he struggled with the task. Finally, they were all open and he tugged the shirt off the other as their lips connected again. Snape moaned contently as the Gryffindor's hands roamed his thin torso, letting James lower him down onto his back. Potter was practically ripping his shirt off at this point, making Severus chuckle as he decided to help.

Potter sighed as the other's delicate hands slipped over his body like two smooth albino snakes, taking all the tension from his muscles like magic. The white button up shirt slipped off down his back and Snape kissed him gently, luring the chaser down towards him like a man-eating siren. He was probably spending too much time with the mermaids.

Snape's hands, still slightly shaky, trailed down his quidditch hardened stomach to the pureblood's trousers, clutching the hem. Potter eagerly complied, undoing his pants hurriedly so he could tug them down his legs and kick them off. Severus watched, chest rising and falling with every heavy breath as more and more of Potter's skin was revealed. The view was surprisingly exciting, blood flooding towards his groin.

Pants finally off, Potter grinned in only his underwear and grabbed the hem of his partner's trousers. Severus looked panicked a moment as his pants were ripped down his legs, likely having flash backs to all those times James had hung him upside down and 'pantsied' him.

The item of clothing was tossed aside and James's hands gripped Snape's thin pale thighs excitedly, slipping the leather strap off down his leg. As sexy as it was it really only got in the way of touching his smooth skin.

The half-blood's heart thumped in his chest, and he braced himself against the pillows as his bully descended on him, eating his mouth and pressing their crotches together. The smaller arched up towards him with a moan before they parted for air.

"D-did you lock the door?" Snape asked between pants, rocking back against the other as their rubbing sexes sent waves of pleasure through him.

"It disappears once you go inside." Potter responded, kissing his neck messily, intent on leaving a mark just high enough to peak out his collar.

"What if your friends come looking for you?!"

"They'll see I'm busy and leave." He answered obviously, making Snape roll his eyes.

"Ugh, pig headed git."

"You love it." He didn't deny it and kissed the other again, pressing up invitingly.

Potter's hand held the beginnings of his underwear and he froze with panic. James kissed the mark he'd left on his neck and nuzzled under his ear as his fingers slid across the other's black underwear's hem, playing but not pulling them off.

"Why don't you ever take these off?" He whispered.

"What are you talking about? I do." Snape bit back, still rigid.

"Not in the shower or bath." Severus shot up, forcing him to sit.

"Have you been perving on me in the showers!?"

"Maybe." Snape's eyes widened and he hissed.

"You lecherous swine! I'll bloody-!"

"Shut up and snog me." James muzzled the other's wordy insults with his mouth, and despite his best-efforts Severus slowly melted into the assault, putting it into the back of his mind to hex the Gryffindor impotent later.

He went rigid again as his boxer briefs were tugged lower, hands grabbing the other's to stop him. James didn't take the hint, kissing him again and easing the clothing off slowly, hushing Snape's whimpers as he went.

Severus's body shook as his sex was exposed, fidgeting under the other's gaze as Potter ate him with his eyes, slipping the black cloth off his legs and throwing it aside. Snape went to cover himself with his hands but James grabbed them before he could, gently easing them down to grip the sheets as the Slytherin appeared to have a small panic attack, if the way his chest was heaving was anything to go by.

"Don't worry." He mumbled into the other's ear after having fucked him over with his eyes. "It's just me." Snape's breathing calmed slowly and his eyes slid shut, no longer clenching the sheets but resting on Potter's hips. His hands trailed up his sides as James kissed his jaw and he came to hold the pureblood's face. The taller frowned as Snape began to take off his glasses, but allowed it.

"They're in the way." He explained breathily before smooshing their faces together again. James smiled and pecked his lips once the other had let go of the back of his head.

"Then you'll have to stay close so I can see you." Snape nodded with upturned lips and kissed him again, putting the glasses down on the bedside table.

Potter slipped off his own white underwear and kicked it aside, letting out a blissful moan as he pressed his unclothed hard flesh against Severus's. The Slytherin froze, suddenly feeling nauseated as the sticky, hard skin pressed against him. He whimpered unpleasantly, fidgeting away.

"What's wrong?" James stopped, finding it extremely hard to do so, and kissed the other's cheekbone.

"I-It's gross." Severus admitted, shying away. James chuckled huskily, dripping precum.

"That so?" He wrapped his hands around the teen's free cock, making him gasp and arch into his touch. He gently began to pump the other, groaning as Snape fell apart, moaning and writhing beneath him. "Still gross?" Snape shook his head quickly, head falling back and mouth wide.

"Aaaawwhhh! A-M-Merlin!" He moaned unrestrained, both naked besides their black socks. James chuckled and stopped pumping, loving the way Snape whimpered pleadingly at the loss. He pressed into him again, this time getting a moan as their pre-cum slick members slid against one another.

"Want to do it like this, or from behind?" Potter asked, watching as the blurry Severus bit his lip.

"Like this, I-I want to know it's you." He mumbled, hand clutching Potter's bare hip.

"It'll never be anyone else." He promised into the half-blood's ear with a kiss. Snape scoffed.

"Arse."

"I'm possessive, sue me." James grinned down at the other.

"At least you can admit it." Severus mumbled to himself, trying and failing to mask his want for another kiss on his swollen lips.

James kissed up his jaw, pinching his nipple to make the smaller gasp so he could stick his tongue down his throat. Severus opened his legs wider as his mouth was ravished, arms around Potter's waist.

The chaser's hard cock pressed against his crack and his breath caught.

"Do you have lube?" Severus panted out when the kiss broke. Potter pulled up and looked over to the bedside table, opening its draw with a bit of struggle due to his lack of glasses and feeling around. Finally he grinned and pulled out a glass vial with a clear oil inside.

"How did that get in there?" Snape asked curiously, body completely exposed for Potter to ruin.

"Well I was thinking of screwing you when I thought up the room." The other answered simply.

"Pervert." Snape mumbled quietly, cheeks warm as the other popped the cork off with his teeth. He poured some of it on his hand and slicked his fingers, sitting up between the noirette's open legs.

Snape looked away as Potter's fingers found his hole and he slowly slipped one inside. When the Slytherin didn't make a sound the second followed, and a third. Finally the boy hissed, clenching around the digits.

James groaned and began to touch himself while he prepped the other. Finding it too difficult to do both tasks he sought out Snape's hand from the sheets and lead it to his member. The other's thin fingers jolted back when they came in contact with the wet, firm extension, slowly wrapping around it as Potter urged him on. The teen groaned as Snape gently tugged, encouraging him further.

His fingers began to thrust into the smaller more viciously and Snape's hand began to shake as he continued to pump. Then the Slytherin suddenly cried out, arching and squeezing James, making the pureblood swear with pleasure.

"Th-ere." Snape gasped, his head thrown back. Potter moved his fingers around inside the snake again until he touched the same place, making Snape cry out again and tighten around him. The sight sent blood straight to his cock and Potter's fingers retracted, earning a disapproving whimper and Severus pulling him closer, letting go of his hard on and rubbing it into his ass.

James moaned, not wasting another second as he grabbed the teen's legs, lifting his hips and readying to push in. Severus reached between his legs, grabbing James's cock and aiming it at his opening, before pushing eagerly back into it.

Potter groaned as he slid his head into the other's burning ass. *Merlin!* It was so fucking warm and *tight!*

Snape hissed, eyes tearing up as his muscles tried to reject the other's girth.

James grabbed for the lube, pouring it onto what was left of his cock before pushing in harder and tossing the bottle aside.

He finally slipped in all the way, Severus's nails raking down his back as fat tears slipped down his temples. Potter grunted, pressing into the snake's tight hole.

"Mmng, *swine-*" Snape muttered through his teeth, causing Potter to pull out almost all the way. Severus gasped, crying out and digging his nails into the other's spine as he slammed mercilessly into him.

James moaned right into the other's ear, pulling in and out of the writhing body with zeal.

"M-Merlin!" Snape gasped.

"He's not the one fucking you ragged." Potter pointed out as he panted. Snape bit his lip before gently kissing the other, whispering quietly as he pulled away to be swallowed once again by the pillows.

"J-James-" That earned him a particularly well aimed and hard thrust. "Ahh!" James hand slipped into his hair and held his face closer, tonguing him fiercely, the other hand gripping his thigh tight enough to bruise, holding his leg up.

"G-gentle-" Snape reminded breathless, a tear slipping as he cringed.

"Shit, sorry." Potter groaned, slowing down and loosening his grip. He licked the tear away and Snape cringed.

"Gross Potter."

"You love it." He whispered, pushing back in.

"Nnngh~" Snape arched up to him, wrapping arms around his neck and pressing their chests together. "Ahhh~ haa-mmmnn~" Their tongues met outside their mouths, bodies moving fluidly as Severus moved to meet his thrusts. He was so close, where the burning had once resided was a warm tightness. Snape's expression was edible, mouth open and eyes half shut looking up at him, blurry as it was. He needed a damn eyesight spell.

Severus gasped, holding him tighter as his muscles spasmed around Potter. James hand slipped from Snape's thigh to his member, humming approvingly at how Severus's body convulsed and his eyes rolled back.

"J-James! C-close-nn-" Potter smiled into the other's ear and moaned, playing with the half-blood's leaking head as he writhed. "D-dammit- yessss~" He really was a snake, hissing even now.

James's grip tightened, groaning as he felt himself cum inside the other's warmth. Snape cringed at the sensation, before gasping as the other squeezed his member tightly, tipping him over the edge. He gasped as his head fell back, eyes rolling into his skull. He held James tightly though it, the other sitting half limp over him.

When he was able to see properly, the black dots clouding his vision gone, Severus groaned and mumbled something incoherent through heavy breaths.

"Huh?" James mumbled, also panting. Snape pushed at his shoulders.

"Fool, you're squishing me." James chuckled and rolled off, slipping out the other with a wet sound that made Snape cringe.

Potter kissed his neck gently, sighing contently.

"Well, if that didn't cure my genophobia I don't think anything will." Snape mumbled.

"Genophobia?" Potter asked, cocking a brow.

"Doesn't matter." He mumbled, nuzzling into the other's face. Potter smiled, seeming to have already forgotten and draped his arm over the smaller, giving him a lazy kiss.

"You should have been a Ravenclaw with all the long words you use." He said, still nuzzling the other.

"And you should have been a Slytherin, deviant prat. Ow!" Severus cried out as Potter nipped his neck as punishment for the comment.

"Either way, we should have started this years ago." He sighed contently. "I haven't felt this great in ages."

"Lucky you git." Severus grumbled, hugging the pillow. "My lips hurt."

"Kissed you too hard?" Potter asked with a self-satisfied grin, stealing the pillow away and forcing Snape to use him as an alternative. He wasn't too keen on the idea.

"Considering you split my lip yeah, *jerk*." Snape grumbled, rolling over with his back to him. Potter chuckled, kissing his new lover's neck, making him wriggle cutely in his arms. "Git, you're too damn cuddly. It's hot and gross."

"Pfft, liar. You know you want to cuddle." Severus hid his face in the pillows, mumbling something along the lines of '*pompous jerk faced prat*', and did not raise his head out of the pillow till his blush had subsided.

"We missed dinner." Snape mumbled, eyes shut and looking exhausted.

"Worth it." Potter replied, also tired, with a smile into his lover's hairline. The Slytherin chuckled and turned to face him finally, James taking the chance to pull him close.

"Ugh gross." Severus cringed again.

"What?"

"It's leaking out of me and all over our stomachs." He groaned, hiding his face in James's chest, as it vibrated with the taller's laughter. The chaser smiled as he yawned against him, beginning to gently stroke his oily hair. They'd bath together after they'd rested, and he'd add a few more love bites to accompany the ones on his neck. He'd have to call the house elves too, and feed his skinny new lover up. He couldn't have his pretty little snake waste away after all. James hummed in approval at his own thoughts and kissed the sleeping Slytherin's head with a smile.

"I'll ravish you all over again when you wake up." He sighed happily.

"Go to sleep idiot, and don't wake me up." Severus groaned, pushing his shoulder weakly with a smile as the taller chuckled.

"As you wish."

End Notes

Who got The Prince's Bride reference?

Hope you liked! Remember to Kudos :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!